

# THE RURAL MAGAZINE.



AND JOIN BOTH PROFIT AND DELIGHT IN ONE.

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## HISTORY OF CYRILLO PADOVANO THE NOTED SLEEP-WALKER.

BY DR. GOLDSMITH.

IT has often been a question in the schools, Whether it be preferable to be a king by day, and a beggar in our dreams by night; or, inverting the question, a beggar by day, and a monarch while sleeping? It has usually been decided, that the sleeping monarch was the happiest man, since he is supposed to enjoy all his happiness without contamination; while the monarch in reality, feels the various inconveniences that attend his station.

However this may be, there are none sure more miserable than those who enjoy neither situation with any degree of comfort, but feel all the inconveniences of want and poverty by day, while they find a repetition of their misery in a dream. Of this kind was the famous Cyrillo Padovano, of whom a long life has been written; a man, if I may so express it, of a double character, who acted a very different part by night from what he professed by day. Cyrillo was a native of Padua in Italy, a little brown-complexioned man, and, while awake, remarkable for his simplicity, probity, piety, and candour; but unfortunately for him, his dreams were of the strongest kind, and seemed to overturn the whole system of waking morality; for he every night walked in his sleep, and upon such occasions was a thief, a robber, and a plunderer of the dead.

The first remarkable exploit we are told of Cyrillo was at the university, where he shewed no great marks of assiduity. Upon a certain occasion his master set him a very long and difficult exercise, which Cyrillo found it impossible, as he supposed, to execute. Depressed with this opinion, and in certain expectation of being chastised the next day, he went to bed quite dejected and uneasy: but awaking in the morning, to his great surprize, he found his exercise completely and perfectly finished, lying on his table, and still more extraordinary! written in his own hand. This information he communicated to his master when he gave up his task, who being equally astonished with him, resolved to try him the next day with a longer and more difficult task, and to watch him at night when he retired to rest. Accordingly, Cyrillo was seen going to bed with great uneasiness, and soon was heard to sleep profoundly; but this did not continue long; for in about an hour after he lay down, he got up, alighted his candle and sat down to study, where he completed his task as before.

A mind like Cyrillo's, not naturally very strong, and never at rest, began when he arrived at manhood, to become gloomy, solicitous and desponding. In consequence of this turn of thinking he resolved to leave the world, and

turn Carthusian, which is the most rigorous of all the religious orders. Formed for a severe and abstemious life, he was here seen to set lessons of piety to the whole Convent, and to show that he deserved the approbation as well of his fellows in seclusion as of the whole order.— But this good fame did not last long; for it was soon found that Cyrillo walked by night, and, as we are told of the fabled Penelope, undid in his sleep all the good actions for which he had been celebrated by day. The first pranks he played were of a light nature, very little more than running about from chamber to chamber, and talking a little more loosely than became one of his professed piety. As it is against the rules of the fraternity to confine any man by force to his cell, he was permitted in this manner to walk about; and though there was nothing very edifying in his sleeping conversation, yet the Convent were content to overlook and pity his infirmities.

Being carefully observed on one of these occasions, the following circumstances offered.— One evening, having fallen asleep on his chair in his cell, he continued immovable for about an hour; but then turning about in the attitude of a listener, he laughed heartily at what he thought he heard spoken: then snapping his fingers, to shew he did not value the speaker, he turned towards the next person, and made a sign with his fingers as if he wanted snuff: not being supplied, he seemed a little disconcerted; and pulled out his own box, in which there being nothing, he scraped the inside as if to find some; he next very carefully put up his box again; and looking round him with great suspicion, buttoned up the place in his frock where he kept it. In this manner he continued for some time immoveable; but, without any seeming cause, flew into a most outrageous passion, in which he spared neither oath nor execrations; which so astonished and scandalized his brother Friars, that they left him to execrate alone.

But it had been well if poor Cyrillo went no farther nor driven his sleeping extravagances into guilt. One evening he was perceived going very busy up to the altar, and in a little buffet beneath to rummage with some degree of assiduity. It is supposed he wished to steal the plate which was usually deposited there, but which had accidentally been sent off the day before to be cleaned. Disappointed in this, he seemed to be extremely enraged; but not caring to return to his cell empty-handed, he claps on one of the official silk vestments; and finding that he could carry still more, he put on one or two more over each other; and thus cumbrously accoutred, he stole off with a look of terror to his cell: there hiding his ill got finery beneath his mattress, he laid himself down to continue his nap. Those who had watched him

during this interval, were willing to see his manner of behaving the morning after.

When Cyrillo awaked, he seemed at first a good deal surprized at the lump in the middle of his bed: and going to examine the cause, was still more astonished at the quantity of vestments that were bundled there: he went among his fellows of the Convent, enquired how they came to be placed there, and learning the manner from them, nothing could exceed his penitence and contrition.

His last and greatest project was considered of a still more benious nature. A lady, who had long been a benefactor to the Convent, happening to die, was desirous of being buried in the cloyster, in a vault which she had made for that purpose. It was there that she was laid, adorned with much finery, and a part of her own jewels, of which she had great abundance. The solemnity attending her funeral was magnificent, the expences great, and the sermon affecting. In all this pomp of grief, none seemed more affected than Cyrillo, or set an example of sincerer mortification. The society considered the deposition of their benefactress among them as a very great honor and masses in abundance were promised for her safety. But what was the amazement of the whole Convent the next day, when they found the vault in which she was deposited broke open, the body mangled, her fingers, on which were some rings, cut off, and all her finery carried away. Every person in the Convent was shocked at such barbarity, and Cyrillo was one of the foremost in condemning the sacrilege. However, shortly after, going to his cell, having occasion to examine under his mattress, he there found that he alone was the guiltless plunderer. The Convent was soon made acquainted with his misfortune; and at the general request of the fraternity he was removed to another monastery, where the Prior had power, by right, of confining his conventuals. Thus debarred from doing mischief, Cyrillo led the remainder of his life in piety and peace.

## MODERN PERU AND MEXICO.

### General Idea of the Monuments of Peru.

(Concluded from No. 28.)

THE famous obelisks and statues of Tiahuanacu: the mausolea of Chahapoyas† works destined to challenge duration with eternity, not only on account of the solidity of their materials, but also of the sites on which they were erected, alike display their skill in sculpture, and their ambition for immortality. That they were extremely solicitous on this score, both with respect to the sculptures and the dead bodies, is attested by the multitude of mummies which, after a lapse of so many years, indeed of



so many ages, are to be found entire in the catacombs. The examination of them, may, perhaps, instruct us in the mode by which they contrived to secure them from putrefaction, and from the destructive hand of time.

The ruins of Pachacamac, the edifices of Cuzco and Quito; the fortresses of Highbay and Catahuana; and the roads cut through the middle of the Cordillera mountains, the one more especially, in the formation of which the most elevated hills were to be made level with the vallies, attest the skill of the ancient Indians in civil and military architecture.

The large apertures in the mountains of Encarnora, Chillio, and Abitanis, abounding in gold; those of Chochipina and Posco, in silver; those of Curahuara, in copper; and of Corabuco, in lead; together with many other stupendous and magnificent labours of a similar nature, all undertaken in the time of the government of the yncas, give an idea of their subterraneous metallurgic architecture.

The fragments of the great aqueducts of Lucanas, Condesuyos, and an infinity of others, which, in the midst of precipices, conducted the water from the deepest vallies to the summit of the highest hills, and to the distant plains; the clefts of hills filled up with earth, augment the proportion of the cultivated lands—an enterprise which the observer cannot fail to contemplate with admiration and surprise; and the very useful custom (still observed by the Indians of the present day) of uniting together like brethren, in the rural labours of the seed-time and the harvest, are so many incontestible proofs of the skill of this nation in the hydraulics and agriculture. It is evident that in this description of knowledge, the Spaniards have not only made no advances, but have also lost many of the guides with which the example of the Indians might have furnished them.

It was the custom of the native Peruvians to be interred with their apparel, and other personal effects. Their sepulchres are rich deposits of their paintings, manufactures, mechanical instruments of war, fishing, &c. The modern Indians still preserve the industry of their forefathers, in the weaving of lliellas, anacos, and chuces, and in the manufacture of topos, huaqueros, &c.

Of their ancient writing, some traces are to be found among the shepherds, who make use of quipos, to reckon the number, increase, or diminution of their flocks, not forgetting the day or hour on which a sheep died, a lamb was ewed, or one of his flock stolen. Either of the depreciations with which they invoked the protection of the deity, may serve to give an idea of their oratory. Of their poetry and music many records still exist. This nation, fond of dancing to excess, has not forgotten the wind instruments, and the immense variety of quick and lively airs, which were the delight of their ancestors. Their tradition has handed down a few idols and odes, and many elegies, which are continually augmented and renewed, as well by the Arabicus,\*\* as by the Spaniards, by whom they are recited with the sweetness, tenderness, and soft melancholy, which are the soul of these compositions.

The sciences which are cultivated by the yncas with the greatest industry were astronomy and medicine. Several pillars erected to point out the equinoctials and solstices; the names of the planets; the celestial observations relative to eclipses; and those by which they

kept their time, are so many data by which their progress in the former of these sciences may be calculated. Their acquirements in this latter may be estimated by the medical practice of the Indians, who inhabit the mountainous territory, and by the skill of the Ceamatats,†† the successors of the ancient Amatus.

The government of the Caciques over several of the tribes, which they ruled absolutely, their inflexible justice, and the order and economy they observed, are illustrative of the mild sway exercised in every part of Peru by the yncas, during the existence of their monarchies.

If to all these foundations, the examination of the Quechua tongue were to be added, the degree of civilization they had attained, and also the duration of their empire, might be estimated. Words are the images of thought; the sweetness and taste with which they delineate it, and the vivacity with which they represent it, point out the ratio of the state and the cultivation of the human mind.

With these materials, we shall embellish the historical part of the Mercury, which will treat occasionally of the heroic times of Peru. We indulge a hope, that all the lovers of antiquity will afford us their help, and that the man whose curiosity equally pants after the future and the past, will receive with complacency this part of our labours.

\* This town, situated on the confines of the city of la Paz, is unquestionably anterior to the monarchy of the yncas, notwithstanding one of them bestowed on it its present name, the origin of which is said to be as follows:—The yncas fell in there with a messenger, whose dispatch in travelling was so great, that it might be compared to the swiftness of a deer. The yncas alluding to this circumstance, said to the messenger when he was brought into his presence, Tia-Huanacu, be thou styled the deer. To perpetuate the remembrance of the celerity of the messenger, and the condescension of the monarch this name was substituted to the one the place originally bore. The formidable pyramid it contains, and the colossal statues of stone, together with a variety of human figures nicely cut out of the same substance, although decayed by time, point out that this monument belonged to some gigantic nation.

† The province of Chahapoyas contains buildings of stone, of a conical shape, supporting large unwieldy busts. They are situated on the declivities of mountains, and in spots so inaccessible, that they could alone have been constructed by fastening to, and suspending by large ropes both the materials and the workmen. They appear to have been the mausolea of certain of the caciques or principal people, who, being desirous to perpetuate their memory, endeavoured not only to secure them from the ravages of time, by forming them of the most durable substance, but also from the rude attacks of man, by placing them where the dread of the precipice would prevent his approach.

‡ It is conjectured by some that the Indians preserved the dead body merely by exposing it to the action of frost. This supposition might be allowed, if these mummies were alone to be found in Sierra, and in the cold temperatures. But, on the other hand, they are to be met with in abundance in the catacombs dug out in the vallies, and in the warmer climates.

§ The authors of the Encyclopedia, under the head of America, deny the existence of these

roads. To convince themselves they have only to send some one to view the splendid vestiges of them which still remain.

¶ The lliella was a very fine square covering, adorned with much labour, which served the Indians as a mantle. The anaco also formed a part of their dress, but was much larger.—The chuce was a kind of carpet. The topo was a pin of gold, silver, or other metal, with a large solid head, either circular or square, on which various figures were sculptured. Its use was to fasten the lliella at the breast, and to ornament it. The huaquero was a small earthen vessel.

¶ The Peruvian traicts of madame Graßigny induced an Italian nobleman, a member of the academy of la Crusca, and a duchess of the same nation, to write a large volume in quarto, entitled An Apology for the Quipos. After introducing into this work what Garcilaso has written on the subject, the authors describe with so much confidence the grammar and dictionary of the Quipos, and, in short, whatever relates to Quipographia, that we should have fancied we had fallen in with some Quipo-Camayus (secretary) of the yncas, if, unfortunately, all the conjectures had not been utterly false.

\*\* Arabicus. Name of the Peruvian poets, from which is derived that of the yaravies, bestowed on their elegiac songs. The style, effect, and peculiar music of these give them decided advantage over all the similar compositions of other nations; so far as they tend to inspire the human heart with sentiments of piety and love.

†† These are Indians of the province of Choque-Ceamata, situated in the intendency of la Paz, who, in imitation of the earlier physicians of Greece, travel over the kingdom, provided with herbs, drugs, &c. curing, empirically but oftentimes with great success.

## THE COUNTRY LASS.

A FRAGMENT.

—THE sky was clear, the sun had passed its diurnal meridian, the fields were verdant, the flocks bleated in the valley, and nature's livery wore a pleasing smile. Could a country lass educated in the bosom of nature, and an admirer of its charms, withstand the temptation for rambling, at this delightful season, and on so charming a day. I roved into the meadows; fancy directed my steps towards the industrious husbandman; contemplation, upon the goodness of heaven, in crowning his labours with such full grown crops, and with abundant plenty, to supply his like industrious family with bread, so wholly occupied my mind that my feet strayed, I knew not whither.

The birds, chanting their notes, and each winged songster, caroling the praises of its creator, awoke me from my reverie. I found myself in a wood, where flowers of different hues and fragrance, adorned each hillock, and the banks of a rivulet, boasted innumerable charms; in its clear mirror, the neighbouring beauties were reflected, and over its pure bosom, the barge of pleasure skum.

After wandering a while I found myself in an open field; the wild spontaneous diversified the path that led to a small though neat and well cultivated garden—uncorrupted, yet refined nature was discoverable in its every part; the meandering rivulet, softly stole along between the rose bush and hawthorn; at a little distance, the branches of some trees were entwined together; the honey suckle and bellvine



crept over them and afforded a friendly shade. The favorite of Flora adorned the whole of this sequestered spot; a neat little cot arose to view—I entered it without the usual ceremony of knocking—for the doors were open, and seemed to say to the weary traveller, “thou art welcome.”—Why, are you immured in these solitudes? said I, to an elegant and beautiful female, who offered me a seat; to partake of happiness, and to watch a parent’s declining years, replied the amiable Fanny—this humble dwelling is the abode of peace and content, though not of splendour—I ran over her features with an exquisite look—a melancholy, which overspread her countenance, rendered it mild and interesting—a lively eye, denoted quick penetration, solid sense, and a good heart—I apologized for my abrupt visit, and begged her to gratify me with a relation of some of the incidents of her life.

“My father, said this charming girl, was an eminent merchant in—; the smiles of fortune attended him for many years, opulence and domestic harmony, rendered us supremely happy: continual losses in trade reduced our fortune to a mere competency. An elder sister, an amiable girl, was cropt like a flower in the bloom of youth; she fell, a wretched victim to hopeless love. Unfortunately, she had conceived an attachment to a young man of merit, but such was her extreme delicacy, that she kept the fatal secret till a few moments before her dissolution. It was then too late to restore her life. Only the shade of a beloved daughter, an affectionate sister, remained. My mother oppressed by misfortunes, sunk beneath their weight, and six months after my sister, bid a tender husband, and me, an only remaining child, a long adieu. It was then my care to console a father, to watch his feeble age with unremitting attention.

“We left the crowd and bustle of the metropolis and sought an asylum, a relief from sorrow, in this village. In the summer, my garden affords me amusement; and in the winter, by a social fire, my aged father will repeat some of the adventures of his youth; or I from some book in our small library, will find amusement for him and myself which enlivens the long evening.”

I returned my thanks to Fanny for her kindness, and took my leave, after a mutual promise of soon seeing each other again.—

Who would relinquish this delightful life for the splendid ball, or brilliant circle the metropolis boasts of? Here resides innocence and peace; there envy and discord. In strolling into the wood, here each misfortune that embitters the cup of life, is forgotten, and the celestial rays of happiness “stream through this frail mansion of mortality, subliming all our sufferings.”

Most of the virtues that adorn the pages of human nature are found in the retired cottage; and its mild influence will ever shake from the troubled heart the heavy dews of sorrow.—

To make good Cider, which will retain the peculiar flavor of the apple for several years. The following management is recommended by good authority.

“AFTER the juice has been strained as usual, set it in a cool place, till it has deposited its grosser feces, but not so long as to hazard the least fermentation, then draw off and pass it several times through a hair sieve, till perfectly clear; to which add a fortieth part of spirit, wine, rum or brandy equal to it. The whole

suffered to stand as before, a fresh sediment will be deposited, from which the liquor is to be poured off and strained again. Put it up in glass bottles which has been washed with spirit. A little oil is to be poured on the surface so as to nearly fill the bottles. Let the mouths be closed with leather, paper, or stopped with straw, set them in a good cellar or vault up to the necks in sand.”

The above recipe appears to be philosophical, and I think merits the attention of American husbandmen. The principal things to be attended to, in our country in a plentiful season, are freeing the juice from its impurities, putting it into clean casks and keeping it cool. The pumice is the basis of fermentation and heat brings on that process which cider ought never to undergo. It appears to me that this sort of improvement would not only furnish us with a liquor preferable to common wines in point of flavor, but a more salutary one.

## NEWARK, SEPTEMBER 8.

### —THE MORALIST—

THERE is such a thing as converse with God in prayer, and it is the life and pleasure of a pious soul; without it we are no christians; and he that practises it most, is the best follower of Christ; for the Lord spent much time in conversing with his heavenly Father. This is balm that eases the most raging pains of the mind, when the wounded conscience comes to the mercy seat, and finds pardon and peace there. This is the cordial that revives and exalts our natures, when the spirit, broken with sorrows, and almost fainting to death, draws near to the Almighty physician, and is healed and refreshed. The mercy seat in heaven is our surest and sweetest refuge in every hour of distress and darkness upon earth; this is our daily support and relief, while we are passing through a world of temptations and hardships in the way to the promised land. “It is good to draw near to God.”

The following instance of professional diligence, as recorded in *original notes of eminent characters*, in the Monthly Magazine of last November, is held forth for imitation.

In October 29, 1797—Died at Leicester, in England, where he had been Pastor to a society of protestant dissenters almost 56 years, the Rev. Hugh Worthington, A. M. in the 86th year of his age.—His publications as an author, were not numerous, but well received by the public. Such was his diligence, that the number of sermons composed and fairly written by his own hand, including many which were never delivered, amounts to about *three thousand*. While his sight was perfect, there was no book of importance, whether theological, historical, or political, which he did not peruse; and frequently with a pen in his hand, for the purpose of making marginal notes, or of transcribing the most interesting sentiments into his common place book. His sons and afterwards his grandsons, he educated himself with unwearied assiduity. The knowledge he had acquired in early life of the ancient languages, and especially the Hebrew, he never (like too many of his brethren, both in the church and among the dissenters) afterwards suffered to decline.—With all his business, personal and domestic he carried on a most extensive correspondence with the greatest readiness and punctuality, and still

found leisure for daily exercise, and visiting his people. Should it be asked how he gained time for executing such various plans? the answer is as simple as it is true—by very early rising and tenaciously adhering to method.

### —MAXIM—

He who vindicates Corruption in Society, and discountenances a Progress of that Perfection of which Humanity is capable, discourages every Effort for virtuous Pre-eminence, degrades the Dignity of Man, and thwarts the Measures of the Divine Government.

### —ANECDOTE—

#### Of Doctor YOUNG.

The Doctor walking in his garden at Welwyn, in company with two ladies (one of whom he afterwards married) the servant came to tell him a gentleman wished to speak with him.—“Tell him” says the Doctor, “I am too happily engaged to change my situation.” The ladies insisted upon it that he should go, as his visitor was a man of rank, his patron, his friend; and as persuasion had no effect, one took him by the right arm, the other the left, and led him to the garden gate; when finding resistance was in vain, he bowed, laid his hand upon his heart, and in that expressive manner, for which he was so remarkable, spoke the following lines:

Thus Adam look’d when from the garden driven,  
And thus disputed orders sent from heaven;  
Like him I go, but yet to go am loth;  
Like him I go, for angels drove us both.  
Hard was his fate, but mine still more unkind;  
His Eve went with him, but mine stays behind.



### —OBITUARY—

DIED—At Trenton, on the 22d ult. SALLY ELIZA DAY, Daughter of Matthias Day, Printer of that City, in the 5th year of her age.

On Thursday last at Morristown, Mrs. DE WINT, consort of Mr. CHRISTIAN DE WINT, of that town.

At Kentish town (Eng.) John Little, Esq. aged 84. Such was his extreme avarice, that some days before, his physician persuaded him to take a little wine as absolutely necessary to recruit his decayed strength, occasioned by his living so very low; but, fearful of being robbed, should he trust his servants with the key of his cellar, he obliged them to carry him down stairs to get a single bottle, when the sudden transition from a warm bed to a damp cellar, brought on an apoplectic fit, which caused his death. On his effects being examined, it was found that he had upwards of 25,000l. in the different Tontines; 11,000l. in the 4 per Cents. besides 2,000l. per annum, landed property, which now devolves to his brother, to whom he never gave the least assistance on account of his being married; a state he himself never entered into, and to which he always entertained the greatest detestation. He resided upwards of 40 years in the same house, one room of which had not been opened for 14 years, but on his death was found to contain 173 pair of breeches and other articles of wearing apparel out of number, though in so decayed a state that they were purchased by a Jew for half a guinea. In the coach house they discovered, secreted in different parts of the building, 130 wigs, which had been bequeathed to him by different relatives, and on which he set great store.



## POETRY.

*The pleasing art of poetry's design'd  
To raise the thought, and moralize the mind;  
The chaste delights of virtue to inspire,  
And warm the bosom with seraphic fire;  
Sublime the passions, lend devotion wings,  
And celebrate the FIRST GREAT CAUSE of things.*

## CONTEMPLATION.

**H**AIL! genius, grateful to the troubled mind!  
Hail! Contemplation—for 'tis thine to calm  
The storms of life; to soothe, with chequer'd hope,  
The ills thou canst not cure; 'tis thine to ope  
Resources of new rapture to the sense,  
Thro' the eye's portal gaining on the heart,  
To wake to Virtue, Piety, and Love.

At the still hour of eve, when Nature's tears  
Bewail the languor of departing day,  
And slowly gliding down the western sleep,  
Its heavenly journey done, the orb of light  
Gilds from the horizon's utmost verge, the sky;  
On some tall hill, in contemplation lost,  
How oft I've paus'd on the stupendous scene;  
I've gaz'd the prospect o'er, the silent vale,  
The dark woods, peopled with the minstrel tribes,  
Whence ever and anon the pensive bird  
Attun'd her evening song—the distant brook  
Glistening with borrow'd light, and all those tokens

Which to the sense proclaim the death of day.  
I've gaz'd, till mantling o'er the face of Heav'n,  
Nights murky veil forbade my farther view;  
Then slowly homeward bent my thoughtful course

And in the miniature of memory scan'd  
The transient scene, till fancy weary grew.

Can fertile nature to the eye present  
A nobler scene, than when the setting sun  
Gleams on the fading prospect and illumines  
With a last stream of light the spacious view?  
Such is the death of virtue—Such the glow  
In her last hour, that animates the mind,  
When on the tenor of a well spent life,  
The mental eye reverts, and gazes still,  
Till the dim shades of Death o'erwhelm the sight,  
And lull the senses in a long repose;

O! ye, who lur'd by interest, from the paths  
Of rectitude and virtue, seek those joys  
Which Virtue only yields, from worldly views  
(If that we can) awhile your thoughts withhold;  
From Nature's semblance learn the important truth,  
That happiness was meant the meed of worth.  
Yet will ye seek it in the golden stores  
Of Fraud, Oppression, Cruelty and Pride.  
Is not the soul's best health a guiltless conscience?  
Is not her worst disease remorse for sin?  
What if the world, indifferent to true worth,  
Shall slight the effort, from yourselves demand  
The just reward—Know, what suggests the means,  
Can best attain the end.—Be good and happy.

## TO CONTENT.

**SERENELY** temper'd tenant of the shade,  
Pensively joyous, heav'nly musing maid,  
Dart beams of patience on the busy mind;  
Teach me, like thee, to varying fate resign'd,  
In life's worst tempest with the surge to rise—  
In thought and action temperately wise!

Should fate th' enchanting spells of love destroy,  
Oh, teach me how to slight th' unjoyful joy;  
Make each delusion fly its native breast,  
And the tam'd blood, unagitated, rest!

Should my ambitious toils, my love of name  
Earn not a whisper from the tongue of fame;  
Should friendship steal its balmy head away,  
Oh lightless fortune make me pity's pray,  
In thy soft bosom let me seek repose—  
The pillow and the cure of all my woes!

## THE SWEETS AND BITTERS OF MATRIMONY.

*From a Husband to his Wife.*

**MY** friend, my wife, my love, my joy, my care,  
All that is tender, pleasing, kind, or fair;  
My most extatic joy—my solemn grief:  
That giv'st my cares, and e'en giv'st them relief:  
As raven black,—more pure than turtle dove,  
My curse, my bliss: my hell, my heaven of love;  
That makes a Paridise a desert plain:  
A desert plain a Paridise again;  
'Twas sin and love where lovely Eve was found,  
She made it hell—or Paridise around!  
Indeed thou'lt been for years, months, weeks,  
days, hours,

My most delicious sweets, my sharpest fours:  
Rapture and incantation I have known,  
Such as ne'er deign'd to circle round a crown,  
All these a smile created—or a frown.

## AN IMITATION OF A CANTATA OF METASTASIO.

**COME** pensive fair, whilst soft approaching night

O'er weary'd nature draws her silent shade,  
From ocean's mirror, view departing light,  
Whilst varying forms in closing darkness fade.  
Plac'd on a rock, which ocean gently laves,  
Mark the slow changes of the less'ning sail,  
Whilst cooling zephyrs slightly curl the waves,  
Enjoy the sweetness of the passing gale.  
Your azure vault bright twinkling gems adorn,  
Their borrow'd lustre gilds the envious deep,  
Along her studded path pale Cynthia's borne,  
Whose icy beams upon the billows sleep:  
Leave then, fair nymph, your flock and shady bow'r,  
And share the transient glories of the hour.

## THE MAIDEN'S CHOICE.

**IF** e'er I'm doom'd the marriage bands to ware;  
(Kind Heaven, propitious, hear a virgin's pray'r)  
May the blest man I'm destin'd to obey,  
Still kindly govern by his gentle sway;  
May his good sense improve my better thoughts,  
May his good-nature smile on all my faults;  
May he take vice to be his mortal foe;  
May ev'ry virtue his best friendship know;  
Still let me find, possess'd of the dear youth,  
The best of manners, and sincerest truth;  
Unblemish'd be his honor and his fame,  
And let his actions merit his good name.  
I'd have his fortune easy, but not great,  
For troubles often on the wealthy wait.  
Be this my fate, if e'er I'm made a wife,  
Or keep me happy in a single life!

## SONNET,

WRITTEN ON THE SEA SHORE.

**Y**ON smooth expanse, that woos the parting ray  
To spread a golden mantle o'er its breast!  
Or when serene in emerald lustre drest,  
With panting bosom meets the rising day;  
So calm, so lovely, to the wand'rer's eye!  
Ah little does the hapless victim know  
What treach'rous quicksands, and rude rocks  
Of woe,  
Conceal'd beneath the shining surface lie!  
Till the dread hurricane, with boist'rous breath  
Howls from all points to rouse the sleeping wave,  
While thron'd upon the winds, remorseless death  
Points to his dark dominion of the grave!  
So mortals, led by pleasure's smiling train,  
Grasp at the roseate wreath! and find the  
thorns of pain!

## TRUE RESIGNATION.

**WHEN** Colin's good dame, who long held him  
a tug,  
And defeated his hopes, by the help of the jug,  
Had taken too freely the cheering cup,  
And repeated the dose till it laid her quite up;  
Colin sent for the doctor: with sorrowful face,  
He gave him his fee, and told him his case,  
Quoth Galen, I'll do what I can for your wife;  
But indeed she's so bad, that I fear for her life.  
In council there's safety—e'en send for another;  
For if she should die, folks will make a strange  
pothor,  
And say that I lost her, for want of good skill—  
Or of better advice—or, in short, what they will.  
Says Colin, your judgment there's none can  
dispute;  
And if physic can cure her—I know yours will  
do't.  
But if, after all, she should happen to die,  
And they should say that you kill'd her I'll swear  
it's a lie:  
Ti's the husband's chief business whatever ensue,  
And whoever finds fault—I'll be shot if I do.

What an effect the imagination has upon the body! How many persons become ill, from only thinking they are so! Moliere died merely as he was acting the Malade Imaginaire in his own comedy. This gave rise to the following verses.

**THE** Gallic Roscius' consecrated dust,  
Moliere's remains to this sad urn we trust.  
Moliere, whose matchless mimic pow'rs of face  
Play'd with each passion of the human race,  
Though life, though manners, own'd his matchless sway,  
Yet death refused a rival to obey,  
For as presumptuously he dar'd to feign  
The horrors of the grisly tyrant's reign,  
Vex'd at the magic of his scenic art,  
The indignant monarch realiz'd the part.

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